

The Message

Come the first days of snow and cold,
black arms of trees, gray sky.
Inside this little house

lamb stew with roots,
baked apples, split skin bubbles juice
I'm snug, alone.

But days go on, the north wind howls my song,
alone, alone, abandoned now
my books, the cats

growl and scratch,
upturn the rooms, there's nothing
in the fridge, I order in,

crack open sugary shells, fortunes,
toss them into night,
and shuffle off to bed, remembering

the boy who feared the dark,
sleeping alone, and was told to think
of Jesus holding him. "Yes, but I can't feel his skin."

Tonight, the wish to feel skin makes me wince.
But I'll wake to sun upon a brilliant field
on which a line of cloven prints is carved, striding across

the glittering crystals, wishbones, hinged like wings.

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